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OPEN TO ALL. THE CLEGULATION OF THE EVENINGEDITION

THE WORLD

the week ending Saturday, April 28, was as follows: MONDAY 96,380 TUESDAY 97,480 WEDNESDAY 99,800 THURSDAY 99,910

BATURDAY 99,660 Month of April 100,930

THE EVENING WORLD has a larger circulation than any Evening paper printed in English and is not afraid to publish its figures or open its books to the public.

BAVING THE HALP HOLIDAY.

The biggest petition ever presented to Gov. HILL will be that which THE EVENING WORLD's representative will take to Albany to-morrow, asking him to veto the bankers' bill for cutting off two-thirds of the working people's half holidays. Many thousand signatures have come

through the mails, under a two-cent stamp. upon slips cut from THE WORLD. When men and women take this trouble it shows that they are in earnest.

If the privilege of the toilers shall be curtailed, it cannot be claimed that it was because they do not prize the half holiday. But we have every reason to expect a veto.

LOCATING THE DANGER.

The ordinary way of discovering a dangerous point in the electric wires in this city is to have somebody killed by it.

The victim is then put underground, the wires continue above ground, the newspapers exclaim, the authorities shirk and the twelve hours' wonder is over.

THE WORLD this morning locates the danger in a different way. It followed some of the wire circuits from start to finish, and points out the spots where Death is lurking for his unwary victims. By word and picture it exposes the traps.

What controls the Board of Electrical Control-ironically so called?

The Labor people put considerable grim matire into their humor, when they propose to employ Lobbyist PHELPS to put through the Legislature bills in their interest. He could perhaps do it-but he is commonly

on the side of the heaviest purse, and the heaviest purse is always opposed to legislation in the interest of Labor. The Labor leaders do not believe in bribery.

They were simply expressing their opinion of the Legislature.

WAR IN CHICAGO.

There is trouble brewing in Chicago-a big caldron of it, bubbling hot and strong as the witches' broth in " Macbeth."

The Philadelphia syndicate that has absorbed all the street-car lines in the Western metropolis, has issued an order that hereafter all conductors must wear white shirts-" boiled," starched and laundered linen.

No wonder that this tyrannical paternalism has caused a commotion among the faretakers. Chicago has advanced somewhat beyoud the point where a "b'iled shirt" is considered an evidence of effeminacy and stuckup-edness. But that car conductors should be compelled to emulate the style of dudes and dry-goods clerks is the hardest blow they have yet received from the monopoly.

In shooting himself because Many WEL-BEST wouldn't marry him, MILTON BIBBY showed at least one grain of reason. These lunatic lovers quite commonly persist in shooting also the object of their desire. If a man will make "worm's meat" of himself because he can't get one woman out of a million, he ought to "go it alone."

Again the gallant police are to be credited with life-saving service. John A. Finnan deserves one of the brightest of the new medals for his brave conduct in rescuing Mrs. HELLER, her child and servant, at the Third avenue fire yesterday, and Roundsman SHIELDS another for his gallant action at the Beventh avenue blaze.

If the city authorities permit the Standard Gas Company to build any more tanks for the storage of dangerous oils or gases, after the exposures made by THE WORLD, they will become responsible for the great destruction of property and loss of life that will surely result from this reckless policy.

The good Methodist brother who thinks that he has been threatened with assassination for opposing the admission of women delegates to the General Conference may calm his fears. Has he never heard of the letter-writing crank?

Uncie Ruyus Haron has bought a bedstead at auction. Does he expect to be "laid

isf Antuva insists that the Burlington strike is still on. But as all the trains are on

also, it would seem to be a case of striking at the air. Next to knowing when to strike,

Cream of the Markets. Trout, \$1 a pound. Bass, 15 cents a pound. Parsley, 5 cents a bunch. Scallops, 60 cents a quart. Flounders, 8 cents a pouhd. Layer figs, 20 cents a pound. New beets, 10 cents a bunch. Frogs' legs, 40 cents a pound, New carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Shad, 25 cents; roes, 15 cents. Redsuapper, 12 cents a pound.

Best prupelies, 20 cent a pound. Codesh tongues, 15 cents a pound. Kennebec salmon, 75 cents a pound, Fresh green peas, 35 cents a half-peck. Nice large strawberries, 85 to 50 cents a quart.

TELEGRAPHERS AT 854 BROADWAY. Hugo Kirsch, tube chief, is very nonular.

Frank Lantry holds the position of nocturnal de ivery clerk.

Frank Collins, delivery clerk, uses a pen with ightning-like rapidity. H. Hegerman ably presides over the destiny o

D. Skelton holds the important position of inspec FRIDAY 100,350

tor of the Second District of the A. D. T. Frank Nilan, receiving clerk, sports a diamone he rays of which eclipse the electric light.

Frank Connelly, night-key pounder, is an old at aché of the company. He is highly esteemed. Mike Raynes, manager of the Western Union felegraph office at 854 Broadway, is one of the youngest managers in the business

THEY HAUNT THE CIVIL COURTS-James Dunphy has been in the Second District Civil Court for over thirteen years.

Louis C. Bruns, who is cierk in the Pirst District Court, somewhat resembles his chief, Justice

Civil Justice Michal J. Norton, who presides over the First District Civil Court, was brought to this country before he was a year old. He is now serving on his second six-year term.

Civil Justice Charles M. Clancy has already served twelve years, and is now on his third term. He wears a sandy mustuche, and is the fortunat escenor of a growth of bushy dark hair. W. W. Vaughn is the stenographer in the court-

room on the corner of Chambers and Centre streets. He is one of the oldest men in the business, having had over twenty years' experience. WORLDLINGS.

A giant poplar tree, that measured 11 feet 8 nches in diameter at the base and was 240 feet high, was recently felled near Taylorsville, O. It s estimated that it will yield 20,000 feet of lumber. Mrs. S. A. Holly, of Augusta, Ga., has a relic

that she prizes in a pair of scissors which her father used in cutting out a suit of clothes for Gen. George Washington, just after he had entered upon his first term as President. Senator Farwell, of Illinois, has a prominent place among book collectors in the West. He owns

very large miscellaneous library that is particularly rich in Bibles and in Americana. He is very fond of books and a great reader. Frank Collins, employed by the American Ex ress Company at St. Cloud, Minn,, will probably smoke a pipe hereafter. The other day he lit

and discovered a small cartridge in the middle. Senator Palmer's favorite home is a log cabin that sits perched on the top of Fortune Hill, on his Michigan farm. With an elegant home in Washington and another in Detroit, the benator and his

An advertisement in a Virginia City (Nev.) newspaper reads: "Do you drink? If you do, come to my saloon and prove by your own taste that I keep the best liquors in the whole town. D-n the number, because if you call once you will always ecollect my place."

Mr. Charles F. Gunther, of Chicago, has one of the finest collections of Bibles in this country, sur- had managed to make their way down to the passed by none unless it be that in the Lenox Library. Among others, he has Wycklyff's and dow, with the smoke coming out of the room the Bishop Bibles, and those strange examples of errors in printing known as the "Wicked," the 'Vinegar" and the "Breeches" Bibles.

Hannah Weston, a full-blood Flaundrau Indian woman living in Moody County, Dak., is reputed was a child of six when the Revolutionary war broke out. Her father was a chief who fought with the English, and a silver medal which he re seived from King George III. is still in Mrs. Wes-

Samuel Magoffin, who died at Barrett's Station. in Missouri, recently at an advanced age, was pioneer settler in the State and one of the adventurous spirits that sided in its development. He ald the foundation of his large fortune early in the thirties, when he engaged in trade with Mexico, transporting his merchandise by means of oxteams, and meeting with many exciting adventures. He has a brother, Gov. Magofin, of Ken. down. I told her what to do, and looked to

In 1879 Frank Benson, a clerk in a commission house in Macon, Ga., scrawled a few words in fifty pounds. I should think. pencil on the cover of a box of eggs that was packed for shipment to a distant village in Georgis, and as quickly, and had reached about the remote from the railroads. He is now in business for himself, and last week, in removing the lid from a box of eggs received from another part of the State, he was surprised to see on the reverse side the identical words he had written nine years

To Hold the Entire World.

[From the Winchester (Fa.) Times.]
The great New York WORLD, the largest affair o its kind in the world, has recently purchased at

Written on Hotel Books.

The St. James will provide meals for George Urland, of Buffalo, to-day. Capt. Highbee, of the United States Marines, on shore can be found at the Glisey.

The Astor's stationery will be used to-day by rred Moll, of St. Louis, and D. T. Larkin, of Watch Hill, R. I. Putting up at the Hotel Dam are Wm. B. Coats, of Danbury; J. L. Carson, of New Haven, and James E. Lothrop, of Dover, N. H.

Among the latest arrivals at the Fifth Avenu Congressman John H. Camp, of Lyons, N. and N. N. Walker, of Wilkville, O.

H. H. Benham, who knows all about military tactics, and who lives in Schenectady, and R. R. Sizir, of Baltimore, are at the Grand Hotel.

The city of Monireal has one of its prominent citizens at the Holei Branswick. John A. Pell is the gentieman. He is accompanied by his wife. Leonard Wood, of the United States Army, and M. H. Coloney, of Denver, Col., will take a peep at New York life to-day. They are at the Sturte-

Isaac P. Gragg, who runs over to this city quite frequently from Bostou, and ex-Senator William W. Crapo, of New Bedford, Mass., are at the Wind-sor to-day.

Stopping at the Morton House are James C. Clark, of Boston; D. S. Halstead, of Boston; W. H. Gedeles, of Roohester, and E. B. Taylor, of Philadelphia. Far away from their homes in Portland, Ore., and Ban Francisco are G. W. Hunt and A. C. Lisbenthai, who will try the solid comfort of the Hoffman House for a time.

The Union Square fiotel arrivals include Thomas W. Manchester, of Providence; George Campbell, of Paisadelphis, M. E. Baird, of Hartford, and Josiah Cork, of Buffalo.

A SAYE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S

A Rescue Fraught with Danger.

JOSEPH F. M'GILL, Chief of Third Battalion, F. D. N. Y.



WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD. OME women can faint over anything. There are some occasions, however, when mos any woman would faint. At a fire the women folk are too frightened and feel the need of getting away to a place of safety too much to faint.

It is harder to get a woman from a burning building than it is to remove a man from one. The man doesn't need so much help, and, of course, he is not, as a rule, so paralyzed by fear. He will do what he is told, and can get down a ladder or the like with more ease than a woman can. A woman does not feel at ease on a ladder. It takes a great deal of coaching to get her safely down.

The greatest trouble I ever had in helping woman get down a ladder from a burning building was while I was in command of Hook and Ladder No. 10. A large five-storied building on Vesey street, near the corner of Church, was on fire. When we arrived on the scene the flames were pretty well under

is not so much danger to human life where the building on fire is one devoted to business purposes and not one that is used as a place of residence. There are no people to get out of the house, and if any one is killed or hurt it will be a fireman.



I GOT HER OUT ON THE LADDER.

Nearly all the large business buildings, lowever, have a janitor who lives in them. He is frequently a married man, and very often will have a family of several children. In this event they have to be gotten out of the building in case of fire.

What makes it harder is that the janitor has his rooms on the top floor of the building. wife seek this cabin with eager steps and leave it Nice, bright, pleasant rooms they are very often. Being so high up, there is plenty of air and sunshine, and a first-rate view. But in case of fire it is not the best thing in the world to live in the top story of a six or seven storied building.

In this building on Vesey street the janitor lived on the fifth floor. But he and his wife third floor. They were standing at the winbehind them. The woman was screaming for help. She was terribly frightened. The man was scared enough, but was much cooler than his wife.

They were told to stay there and not and that in a moment or two help would be extended to them.

The ladder was raised against the walls and I went up. The man got on the ladder and got down to the ground by himself. As he was getting by me he whispered:

" Look out for my wife. You'll have to be careful. She is scared to death, and she sometimes has fits!"

The woman was pale and nervous enough, but she was standing there a'l right. I got her out on to the ladder and began to go see that she got her feet on the rounds. She was a woman who weighed one hundred and

We were getting down as well as we could middle of the ladder. Suddenly she began to twitch and her legs and arms stiffened. Then they began to move convulsively, and she loosened her grip on the ladder.

The woman had got a fit! It is bad enough for any one-man or woman or child to have a fit. But it is worse to have a woman with a fit than a man. When she gets her fit in a room with sofas and cost of \$430,000 French's Hotel in New York City.

Editor Pullizer will erect in the near future, at a cost of a million dollars, a mammoth edifice on the site which, strange to say, will be made large with an opportunity to go through it without enough to contain the whole of The World. endangering the bystanders by her movements, it is unpleasant enough. But for a ments, it is unpleasant enough. But for a woman to get a fit when she is half-way down a ladder that reaches to the third story, it is about as troublesome a thing as can happen. The man who has charge of her at such a time is not to be envied. I know I would have given my place to anybody that wanted it. But there was no choice in the matter. There we were, half way down the ladder, when she fell into the fit.

Concluded to-morrow.



[From Texas Syllings.] Being a little full,

Longost Logs Ho

Jones climbs into his Great Scott! Here's a burglar with legs ten

feet long!

Riker's Expectorant

FOR THE 1,000 GUINEAS STAKE.

The Seventy-fifth Race Wen by Briar-Ree at Newmarket To-Day.

IBY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION. LONDON, May 4.—The seventy-fifth race for the 1,000 Guineas stake was run at Newmar ket to-day. This is a race exclusively for three-year-old fillies, and, like the 2,000 Guineas, is run over the Rowley mile. The other conditions are £100 each for starters, and half forfeit for the others, the second to receive £200 out of the stakes, and the third to save its stake; to carry 124 pounds each, The stake closed Noy. 2,,1886, with sixty-four ubscribers.

The race resulted in the success of Mr. Douglas Baird's filly Briar-Root, by Springfield, out of Eglentyne, she by Hermit Lord Calthorpe's Scabreeze, by Isonomy, out of St. Marguerite, was second, and Mr. C. Perkins's Belle Mahone, by Uncas, out of Jenny Howlet, third. Briar-Root was bred by the Queen at the

Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court, from whence she was sold a yearling to Mr. Baird in June, 1886, for 800 guineas. She wa trained by James Ryan at Newmarket and signalized her [debut last year winning the rich Whitsuntide Plate of £4,700 at Manchester on June 3, when she beat a field of eighteen, including the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, the winner of the 2,000 Guineas on Wednesday, who was third. Briar Root ran in three other races without winning-viz.: Third to Satisty for the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, was beaten by a length for the Coila Two-Year-Old Plate at Ayr, in Scotland, in September, only the two starting, and fourth to Juggler for the Knowsley Nursery Stakes at Liverpool in November. Briar-Root is well engaged this year, including the Oaks, at Epsom, on the 1st prox,; the Coro nation, at Ascot ; the Nassau, at Goodwood. and a dozen other valuable stakes, including the £11,000 stake at Manchester in the

antumn. Seabreeze, the second, has been looked upon as an animal of much higher class than Brier-Root. She having won five out of ten races last year, including the Bienat Ascot; the Ham, at Goodthe Buckenham, Boscawen and Triennial Produce at Newmarket, while on the occasions of defeat she was three times second to Friar's Balsam and third to Galore and Anarch.

TOOK PRUSSIC ACID FOR WHISKEY.

Mrs. McCormack Poisons Herself and Her Husband is Arrested, Both by Mistake. Hugh McCormack and Kate, his wife, left their two children with relatives in Devon-

their two children with relatives in Devonshire. England, a year ago, and came to America to better their fortunes. They lived in a rear room, up one flight of stairs, at 56 Catharine street, and McCormack worked as a canvasser for stationery. They were happy, and hopeful that they might be able to send for their little ones ere long.

Mrs. McCormack had been suffering from cramps, and last night her husband called in the neighboring women of the house while he went for a doctor. His wife had taken a dose of prussic acid left by men who repaired a water pipe early in the spring, mistaking it for liquor. She was vomiting and Hugh was frightened.

At a little after midnight, by the advice of friends, he notified Policeman Peter S. Farney, who was on duty in Catharine street,

friends, he notified Policeman Peter S. Farney, who was on duty in Catharine street, that his wife had taken poison. Farney reported at the Oak street station, an ambulance was sent for and the sufferer was taken to Chambers Street Hospital, where she explained that she had taken prussic acid by by mistake. The Sergeant at the Oak street station advised Policeman Farney to place McCormack under arrest, and the anxious husband was locked up.

Mrs. McCormack had almost entirely recovered this morning and will be discharged from the hospital to night probably.

from the hospital to-night probably.

The husband is in the Tombs.



Aunt Emeline-Eben, I think you're falsehoodin'

The Paper Hunt. [From the Washington Critte.]
Now ride they slow, now ride they fast,
And cut they many a caper;
They break their backs, they break their necks
To catch a slip of paper. They speed along, o'er road and field, They jump the gates and fences,

The paper solps are just ahead. They care not for expenses.

They care not for expenses.
They strike the farmer's new-ploughed patch,
Their headlong speed delaying,
and what the farmer says thereat
No man would say was praying.
At last they run the whole course through,
And all the high and mighty
Collect around the dashing group,
And murmur "Highty, Jighty."

Then Greger winds his mellow horn

And every mount approaches, And for a fox's tawny brush He gives them diamond brooches. And it is well he gives them those— In pretty little boxes— They're nicer, and besides it saves The wear and tear on foxes.

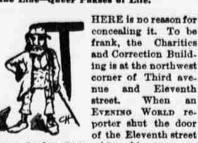
Immense Crowd.

Yesterday was the opening of the great consolidated esignes sale of four large wholesale firms in the two large louble stores 787 and 789 Broadway, corner of Tenth assignee sale of four large wholesale firms in the two large double stores 787 and 789 Broadway, corner of Tenth street. The crowd was so great it was necessary to call on the police force. Hundreds were turned away unable to get hear the entrance to the two immense stores on account of the tremendous crowd of sager purchasers. Everybody appeared to be satisfied they had secured some of the greatest bargains were before offered in New York. Kwarybody appeared to be satisfied they had secured some of the greatest bargains aver before offered in New York. Kwarybint is going of rapidly. All goods are being of the greatest bargains aver before offered in New York. Kwarybint is going of rapidly. All goods are being other than actual cost, as the state of the property of the greatest bargains are being offered with a state of the great consolidated assignees in an other goods. This great consolidated assignees in an other goods. This great consolidated assignees in an other goods. This great consolidated assignees is greated to state of the greatest place in this city. To show what grean-nitude heap gins are being offered we mention as follows: A splended suit of men's clothes, 83, 75-ani to match, latest siys, very handsome and guaranteed worth \$10. We allow you to keep the \$3, 75 suit home four days, and if you do not think it worth \$15 we hareby bind ourselves to return the \$3.75. An elegani pair of men's panta, \$1, 24, these panta are made of fine wol casainers, cut in latest siys, very handsome and guaranteed worth \$5 or money returned any time before safe closes. Man's actae fine quality suits, \$7,99, guaranteed worth \$30 or money returned any time before safe closes. Man's actae fine quality suits, \$7,99, guaranteed worth \$25 or money returned any time before safe closes. Man's actae fine great offers, and it is not worth \$20 we hereby agree and bind ourselves to return the \$7,99 within five days, high grade goods, meaning equal to the linest quality cutting far as terrible sacrifice. Mon's fur with fine great

POVERTY'S PORT OF REFUGE. AN IMPORTANT REPORT.

ITY OR CORRECTION.

Samples of Tales of Distress Poured Into the Sympathizing Ear of Supt. Blake-Many France, But Plenty of Deserving Cases Candidates for the Workhouse in the Line Queer Phases of Life.



porter shut the door of the Eleventh street ntrance he found himsel in a big room, remarkable particularly for its height. The only things that broke the painful expanse of wall were the lofty windows. About the room were settees. One corner is fenced off with iron net-work, behind which several clerks were occupying their leisure moments with big books. In the northwest corner is a curious lit le coop. In this coop is Supt, Blake. Mr. Blake is a large-hearted, kind man, with a pleasant face. In addition to his pleasant face he wears a brown beard. The reporter crept in behind him and watched the people who came to him for

charity or correction. An intelligent, heavy-mustached' policeman ushers the unfortunates up to Mr. Blake and quells riots with an imperious glance.

The settees about the room were occupied by men, women and children, clean and unclean, respectable and otherwise, sick, lame, blind, in tears or smiles, of various nation-alities and of all degrees of poverty. They were waiting their turn to be brought before the Superintendent and make known their

The first one to come under Mr. Blake's The first one to come under Mr. Blake's notice was an aged tramp. There was no mistaking the fact that he was a tramp. His hair and beard were almost white, and his rags hung about his thin form as if even they were ashamed of their surroundings. A torn and soiled broad-brimmed hat sat on his head and his extensive feet were inclosed in apolo-

gies for shoes.

"Well, my man, what do you want?" said Supt. Blake, kindly.

"I want to go to the island," came in husky tones from the tramp.

"Have you any home or friends?"

"No."

" Any money ?" "Any money?"

A smile lit up the tramp's face, and in a thoughtful way, as if he was running over the names of a few safe-deposit companies and banks he said:
"Up-er-po."

"Un—er—no."

He thanked the Superintendent when he was told that he was a fitting candidate for the almshouse.

A good-looking young woman with a babe in her arms now faces the Superintendent.

She is not seeking charity: correction is all she asks, and she proposes to have it bestowed upon her husband.

"My name is Annie Smith," she calmly states." and my husband's name is George. states, "and my husband's name is George. My home is 517 West Fifty-second street. I have been married two years and a half." "How many children?" asks the Superin-

Only two. Last week my husband deserted me—as he has several times and I want a warrant for his arrest.

and I want a warrant for his arrest."

Her application was granted and she left evidently contented.

"How are you, Mr. Quinn?" says Mr. Blake. He is speaking to a neatly dressed blind man. The blind poor of this city are entitled to \$40 a year at taxpayers' expense, and they show up with remarkable regularity. But they fully deserve this modest income. Pled g'me boddle gof medcin'," is what

"Pled g'me boddle gor medcin'," is what an elderly Irishwoman asks.

"I have never heard the Irish tongue be-fore. It's very musical," remarked the re-porter to Mr. Blake.

"That's not the Irish language, young man. The woman has a cold and said: 'Please give me a bottle of cough medi-cine."

It ta es years of training to be able to un-derstand an elderly Irish woman with a bad A man who looked very much like Fatty Walsh was the next to face the Superinten-

dent.
"I want a permit to get an old lady into

the Almshouse."
"What relation is she to you?"
"A cousin. She came from Canada a few years ago and is poor and helpless."
"She will have to appear in person."
"What's that? Do you mean to say th t she's got to come way down here from Har-Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
The man, with an angry look, departed.
"We have to be very careful about such cases," said the Superintendent, "He may be wanting to get rid of this old lady against her will. If it is as he states she will be sent back to Canada."
Two elderly women—one stout, the other thin—were the next applicants.
"Oh, sir." says the thin one in a whining tone, "heaven will bless you if you gimme a home and me friend, Mrs. Reilly. We have no money, friends or home."
"How old are you, my good woman?" asks Mr. Blake.

Mr. Blake.

"I am forty-seven this spring, and me friend is sixty."

"Well, your friend can go to the Almshouse and you to the Workhouse."

They step down, but soon the thin woman returns, coughing like one possessed.

"I am (cough) not able (fit of coughing) to do a stroke of work (gasp). Won't you please to send me (coughing spell) to Almshouse? I'm in terrible bad health."

Mr. Blake.

have her own way.

"That's an old trick," he remarks. "She was a healthy woman only three minutes ago, but it won't do to separate the old cronies."

Who is this dignified-looking man peering through the wire netting? He is tall and his

through the wire netting? He is tall and his classical features are partly hidden by a week's growth of beard. He looks like a played-out actor.

"How do you do, sir?" he savs in a deep voice, as he coldly bows to Mr. Blake.

"How are you? What do you wish?"

"Wish? Well, I would like to have a home."

"On the island?" "Um-er-yes-yes," He speaks as if condescending to do Mr. Blake a great favor.
"You have no home, friends or money?"

"Nothing at all, sir, I assure you."

"Nothing at all, sir, I assure you."

"Very kind; very kind, indeed." and he steps down as if he owned the building.

A good-looking woman neatly dressed takes his place. She sneaks with an English accent and very correctly.

his place. She speaks with an English accent and very correctly.

"I arrived in New York last Saturday," she states, "and gave my luggage to an ex-pressman. He gave me a receipt. I have not heard of the luggage since. Here is the re-ceipt. I am unacquainted in this city and have no money. My home is in Washington Territory, Can I get any help here, sir?"

"Oh, yes," says the superintendent; "we will send you back to Washington Terri-tory."

will send you back to Washington Territory."

I do not wish charity, sir. I have friends in Boston, if I could only reach them."

You would prefer to go home?"

Oh, yes, sir; but"

"Well, we will see that you get home and take care of you. In the mean time your baggage will be looked up."

"That's an honest woman," remarks Mr. Blake when she is out of hearing.

A lot of blind people are then attended to. A few unfortunates are provided with homes. A woman with an eighteen-year-old son seeks

ings to the People.

What They Discovered and How This Discovery Is of Immense Benefit to Humanity.

Several of the most eminent physicians of this country have made an important medical report which is of the utmost importance to the people. These well-known physicians—six in number, located in different cities—

not contain narcotics of any kind, nor any injurious or poisonous drags. On the contrary, it is a pure vege and strength-rectoring properties and wonderful in our-ing disease. It is the best, purest and most efficacious

The individual opinions of these eminent medical gen tlemen in regard to Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic

A. J. Marston, M. D., of Philadelphia, editor of the Eastern Medical Journal and formerly professor of the Maine Medical College, said; "Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic is a perfectly harmless vegetable remedy. Unlike many preparations upon the market, it can do no harm in any case, while at the same time its curative properties are splendid. It restores exhausted nerve powers and re-establishes lost vitality." C. D. Carpenter, Mr D., of Cleveland, O., a leading specialist in nervous diseases and formerly physician to the Central Ohio Hospital for the Insane, said: "I

grand results and perfect cures that are obtained through Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic." B. M. Reynoids, M.D., one of New York's most prom inent physicians, stated: ''I unbesitatingly pronounce Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic the most valuable remedy for the nerves I have ever used.

have never seen or used any remedy that would give the

Henry Peffer, M.D., another of New York's eminer physicians, indersed the above opinions and said: "I have found it a perfect and complete cure for those suffering from all forms of nervous troubles, sleeples beadache, nervous weakness and debility."

C. F. Siarkweather, M.D., the great Baltimore nervo specialist, affirms: "Experience has fully proven that

Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic calms strangthen ducing the disastrous reaction so generally following the use of nerve tonics." E. G. Wheeler, M.D., of Middleffeld, Mass., a phys

can of fifty years' practice, enthusiastically says: "It perfectly suits debilitated conditions and thoroughly for-tifies the nervous system. I have never seen its equal." manimous and establishes by medical authority the fact that Dr. Greene's Nervora Nerve Tonic is, what the pub cure ever discovered. It also establishes the fact that it is a perfectly safe remedy to use, and it may be given to restless infants, weak and nervous children or the most lelicate invalids with absolute certainty of cure It may be purchased at any drug store at \$1.00 per

rom nervous disease, who can find in its use a safe, perfeet and complete cure.

to have the boy, who is suffering with brain fever, admitted to a hospital. Her request is granted. A half a dozen people are given passes to see friends in the public institu-tions on Randall's Island. All have been attended to but one—a middle-aged woman.

"Bring that lady up here." says Mr. Blake.
The officer escorts her to the railing, where

"My husband, sir, has deserted me," she begins. "I have no friends or a home, and what's worse, no money. I have a boy seven years old and a baby girl. Can't we get a place to sleep and something to eat?"

'Yes, we will look after you. What was your husband's business?"

'He was a steam-fitter, but has been out of employment for some time. The strikes and one thing or other have kept him from earn-ing enough to support us, and now "—she wipes away a tear—" he is gone and we are

"Don't you worry one bit, madam, you and your children will be taken care of."
"God bless you, sir," is all she says, and she steps down.
"I tell you what, young man," said Mr.
Blake, "there is a case where charity is not
misplaced. But they are not all as deserving

as she."

If kind words and a helping hand alleviate the sufferings of the homeless who seek for charity from the city, Supt. Blake is a veritable Good Samaritan.



Mistress-Why, Jane, I thought you were going ut this afternoon?

Jane—I was mam, but I could not find my music oil, drat the thing.

Going It Single-Handed. [From Judge.] Bum - Please help

poor man what has lost
his hand.

Charitable Lady—How
did you lose your hand,
my good man?

Bum—Why—why, playing poker, marm.

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